

# POLICE

## COMICS

JUNE No.91

10¢

**PLASTIC MAN**

finds

**THE FOREST  
PRIMEVAL!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





The **BEST** costs you **LESS** at these  
**FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVINGS**

# Get De Luxe SEAT COVERS

Entire  
SEAT  
PROTECTED  
Front  
and  
Back

*Sleek!*

Smartly  
Trimmed  
with  
Richly Grained  
LEATHERETTE

*Way  
Below  
Retail!*

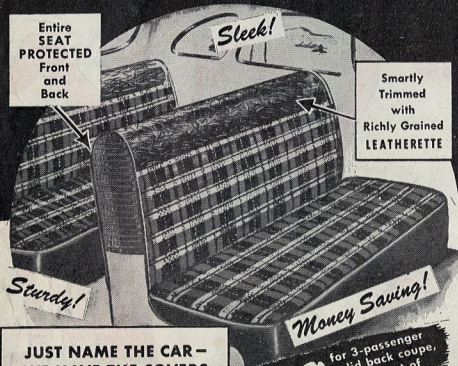
**ACTUALLY THE VERY SAME  
MATERIAL USED IN COVERS  
SELLING UP TO \$25!**

Our direct-factory prices offer you tremendous savings. Richer! Stronger! More Luxurious! GAYLARK'S New Auto Seat Covers are TOPS in quality, smart styling and value. Stunning plaid designs in softly harmonious multi-color weaves.

Every GAYLARK FIBRE Auto Seat Cover is carefully finished with elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit. Just the handsome, thoroughbred accent of elegance your car deserves.

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We insist—you must be entirely 100% satisfied, or your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.



## JUST NAME THE CAR— WE HAVE THE COVERS

To Fit Every Popular Make  
Auto—New or Old Models

FORD	PACKARD	STUDEBAKER
PLYMOUTH	FRAZER	OLDSMOBILE
DODGE	CADILLAC	BUICK
CHRYSLER	LA SALLE	HUDSON
PONTIAC	CHEVROLET	KAISER
MERCURY	DUOTO	LINCOLN
WILLYS	NASH	LAFAYETTE
	TERRAPLANE	

## EASY TO INSTALL— on all types and makes of cars!

Be sure to specify which type covers you wish when you order. Note styles illustrated below:



1. Solid back for 4-door sedan—front or rear, Rear for coach or coupe



2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach



3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat

**\$398** for 3-passenger solid back coupe, or rear seat of coach or sedan  
**\$895** complete set of covers for sedan or coach



**BUY DIRECT  
AND SAVE  
BY MAIL**

Our Factory-to-You  
Prices Mean Guar-  
anteed Savings

**GAYLARK PRODUCTS** 615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

## SEND NO MONEY

**GAYLARK PRODUCTS, Dept. H-3**  
615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee

- ☐ Complete front and back covers \$8.95 ☐ Front seat cover only \$4.98  
☐ 3-pass. divided back coupe \$4.98 My car is a 19... Make.....  
☐ 3-pass. solid back coupe or rear seat of coach or sedan \$3.98  
☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3 ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door  
☐ Rush postpaid—\$.....enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

Name.....  
(please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

- ☐ Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set  
☐ Wedge cushion to match, \$1.00

# PLASTIC MAN

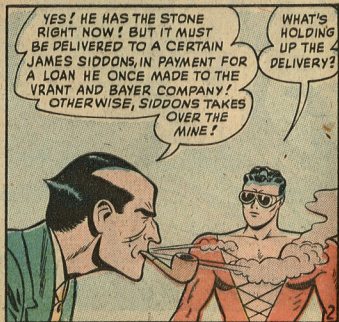
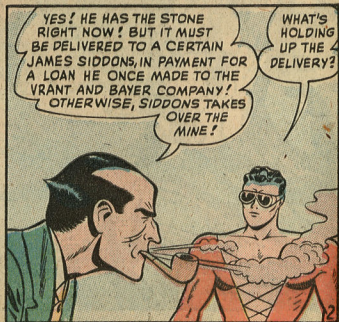
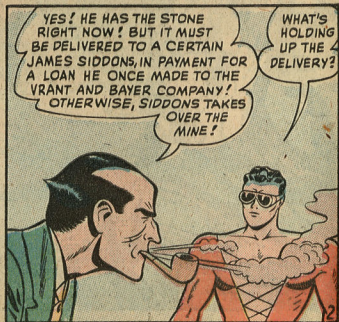
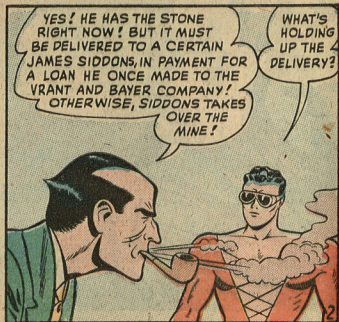
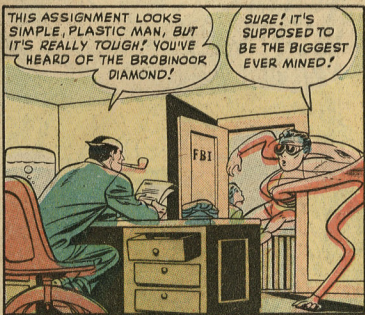
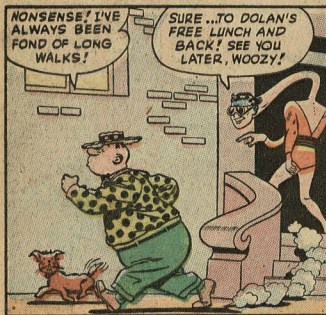
NOW, ADVENTURE  
LOVERS, TO GO ON  
WITH MY LECTURE  
ON THE PSYCHOLOGY  
OF CRIMINALS...  
TAKE A CROOK...

YES... DO!  
AND HOLD HIM  
WHILE I GET  
HIS PAL!



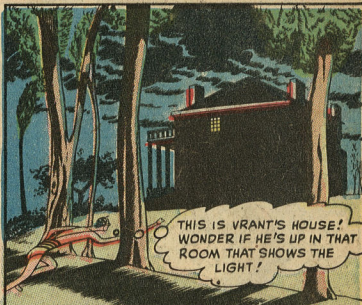
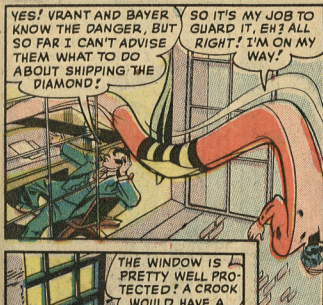
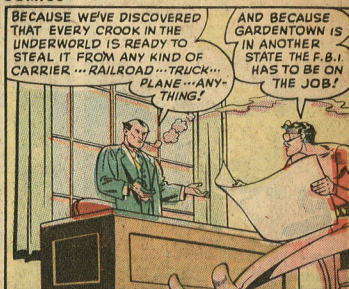
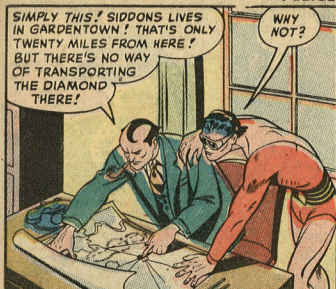


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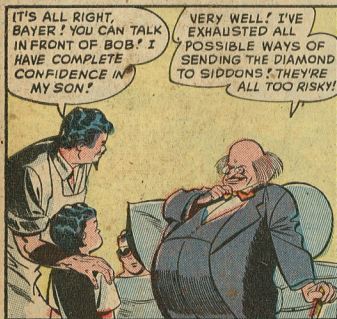
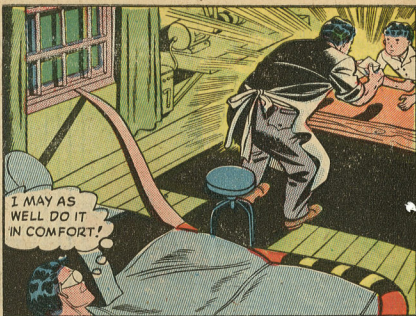
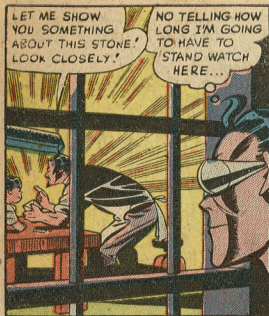


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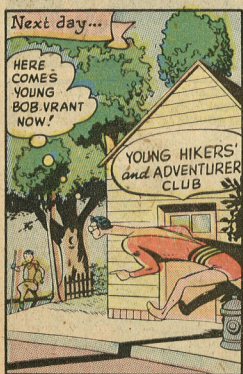
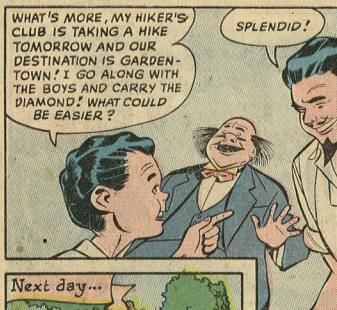


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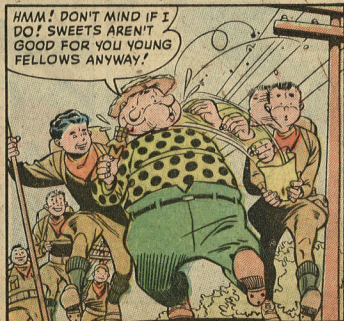
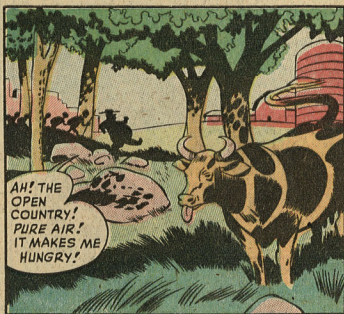
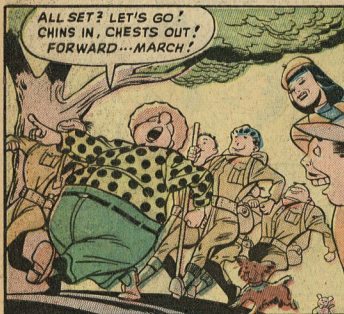


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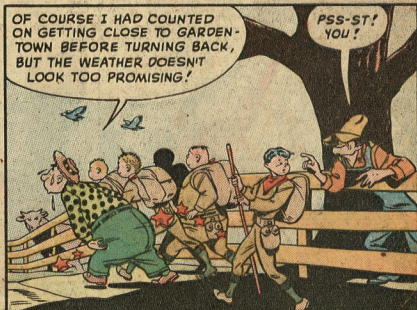
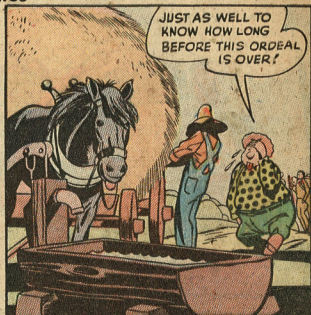


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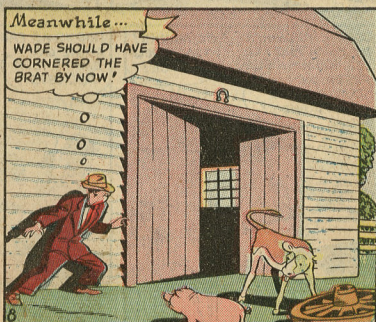
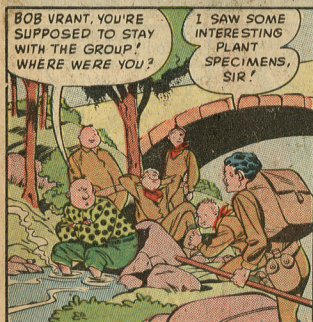
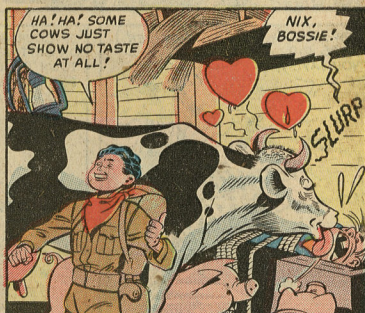
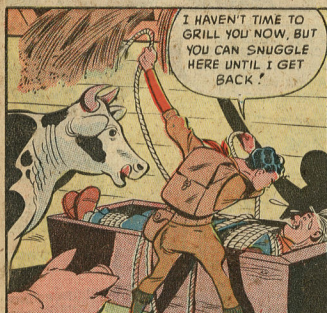
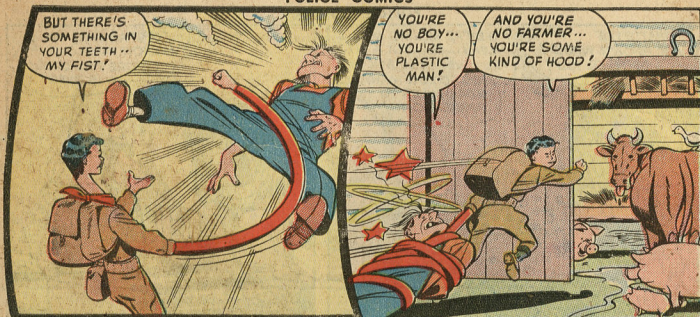


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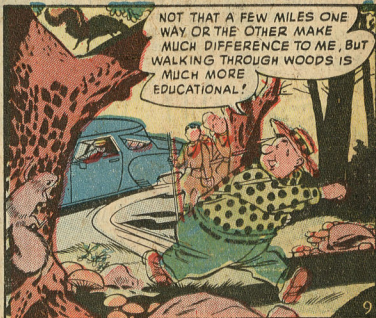
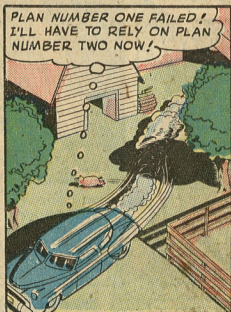
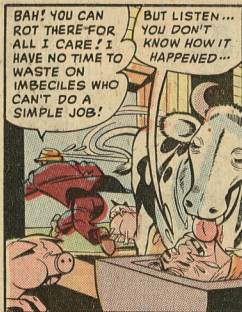
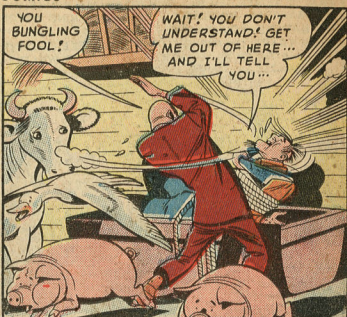
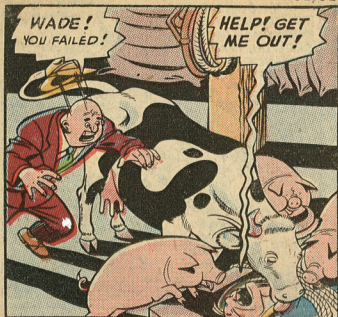




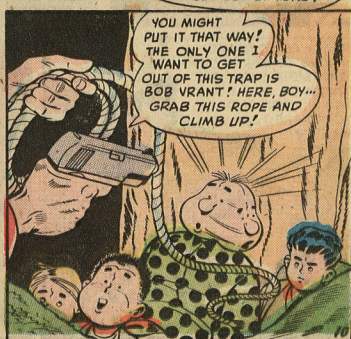
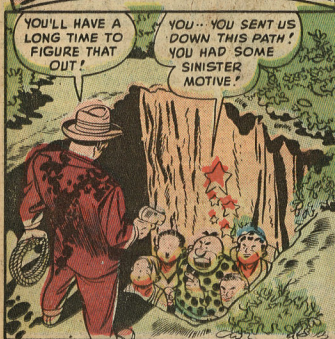
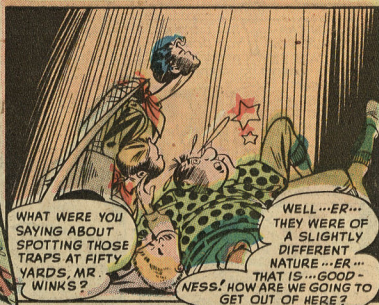
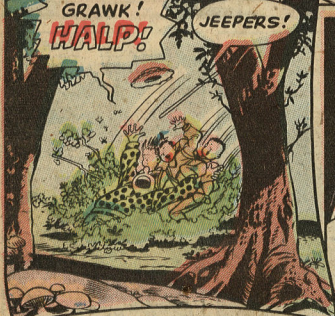
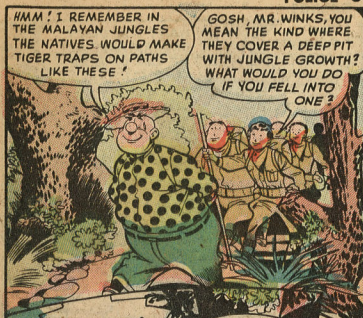
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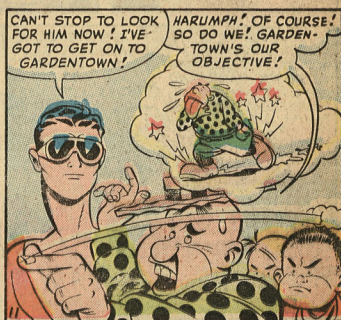
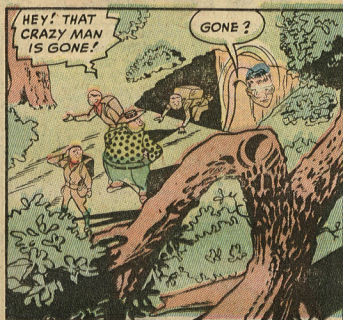
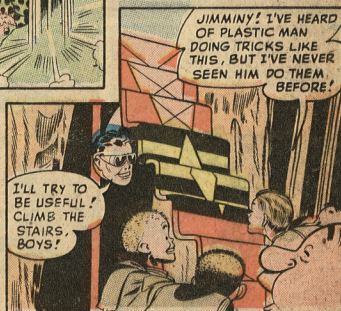
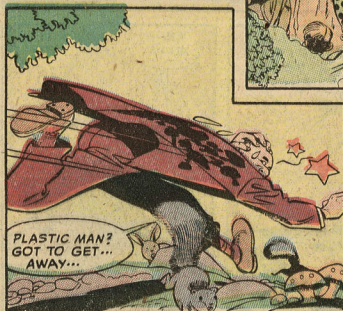
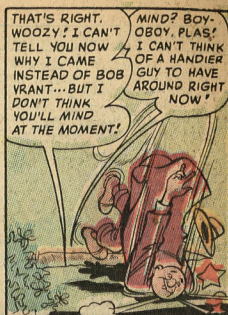
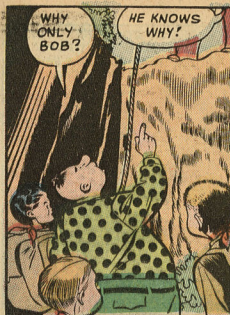






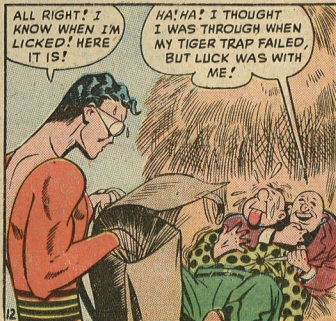
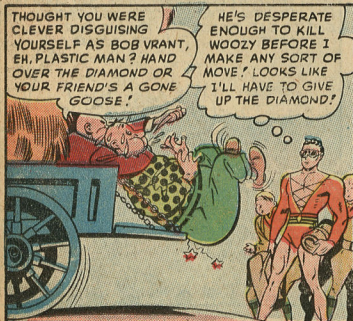
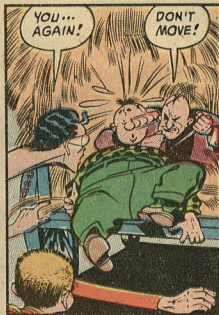
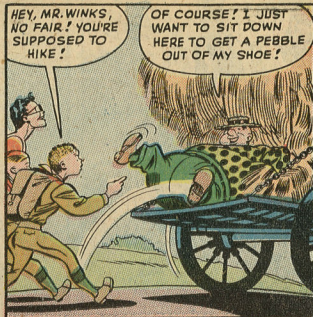
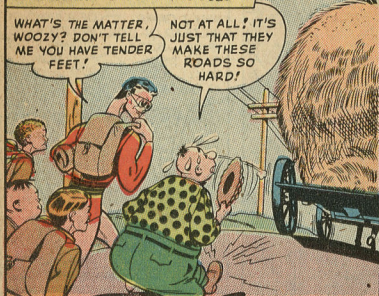




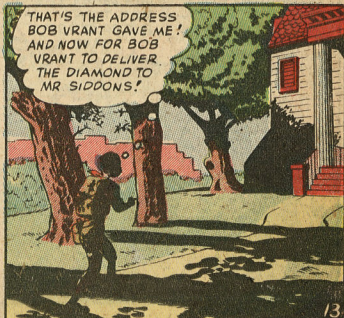
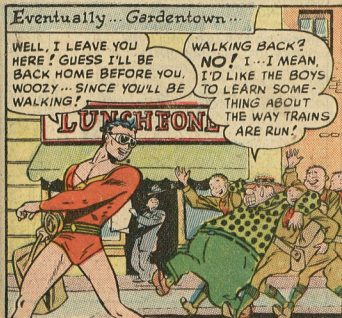
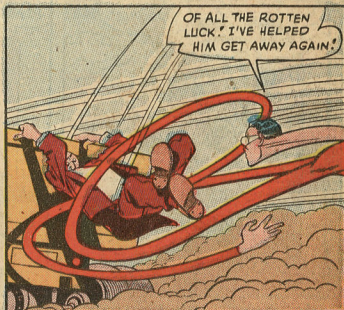
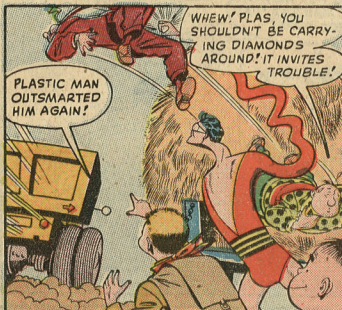
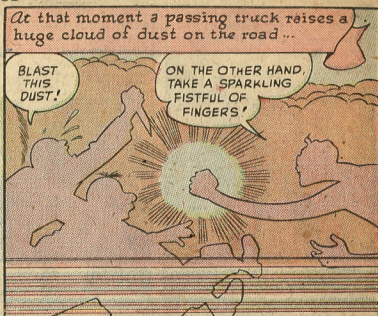
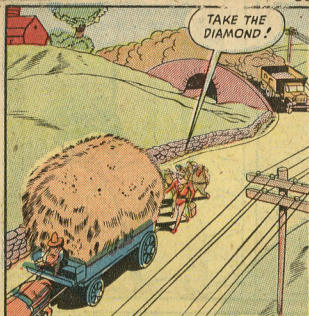




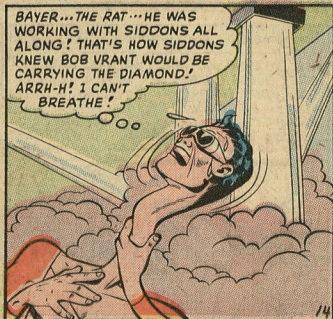
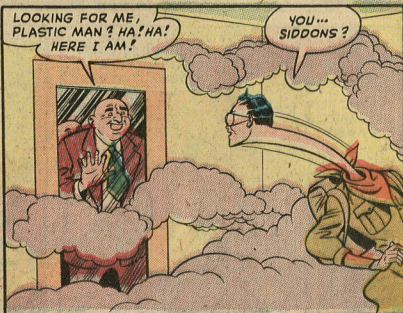
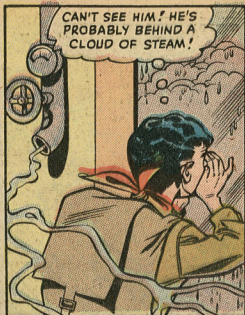
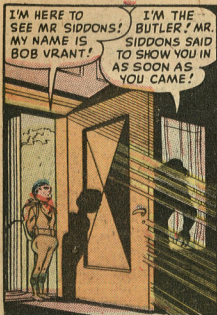
Several miles down the road...



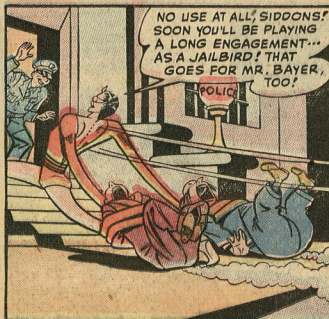
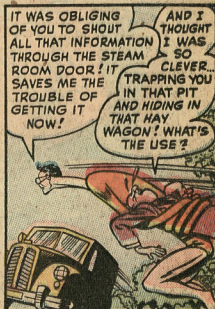
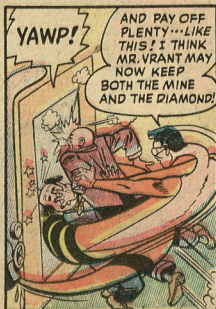
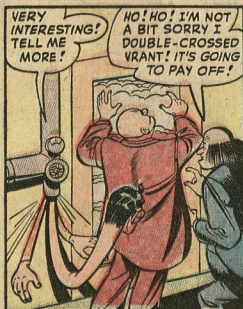
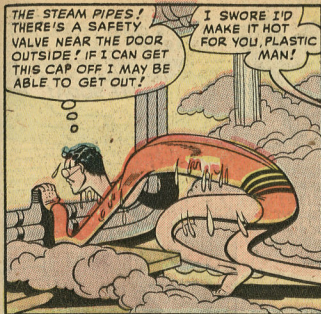














# CANDY

SINCE CANDY BECAME A CAREER GIRL, I JUST HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TO ASK HER OUT FOR A 15 CENT SODA!

IT'S NO USE, MR FLEABOTTOM... I CAN'T ACCEPT A CENT LESS THAN \$35,000! AND THAT'S FINAL!

YES, I'LL TAKE THE 50 THOUSAND SHARES OF A.T.C. & P.I. I'M MAKING OUT A CHECK FOR IT RIGHT NOW!



WORK, WORK, WORK... WORRY, WORRY... WORRY... MUTTER:

TIMOTHY, YOU'VE BEEN PACING THE FLOOR ALL EVENING! WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND RELAX?



NOW, DON'T WORRY, FATHER! AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST THINGS WILL LOOK BRIGHTER IN THE MORNING!

RELAX? HOW CAN I RELAX WITH ALL THAT WORK AT THE STORE, AND THE NEW GIRL I HIRED HOME SICK?





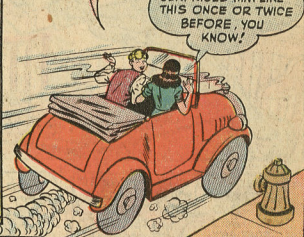
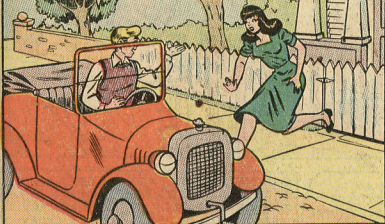
Next morning...

BETTER RUSH, THRUSH,  
OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR  
THE LECTURE FACTORY!

I'M NOT GOING TO SCHOOL  
TODAY, TED! DAD NEEDS  
ME TO HELP OUT IN THE  
STORE!

EXPLOITING THE YOUNGER  
GENERATION, EH? WAIT'LL  
THE TRUANT OFFICER  
HEARS ABOUT THIS!

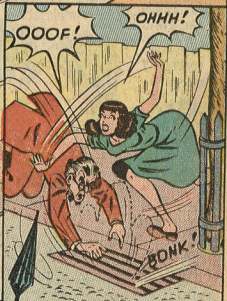
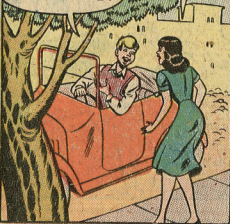
OH, IT'S ALL  
MY OWN IDEA!  
DAD HASN'T  
THE SLIGHTEST  
INKLING! I'VE  
SURPRISED HIM LIKE  
THIS ONCE OR TWICE  
BEFORE, YOU  
KNOW!



OF COURSE,  
TODAY'S HISTORY  
TEST WOULDN'T  
HAVE ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH IT, EH,  
DREAM SCHEME?

YOU'RE A KEEN  
FIEND, M'BOY!  
S'LONG NOW ...  
DIG YOU  
LATER!

HMM! HERE'S A PENNY  
SOMEONE LOST! WATCH  
YOUR PENNIES AND YOUR  
DOLLARS WILL TAKE  
CARE OF THEMSELVES,  
I ALWAYS SAY!



YOUNG LADY, YOU  
MADE ME LOSE  
THAT PENNY!

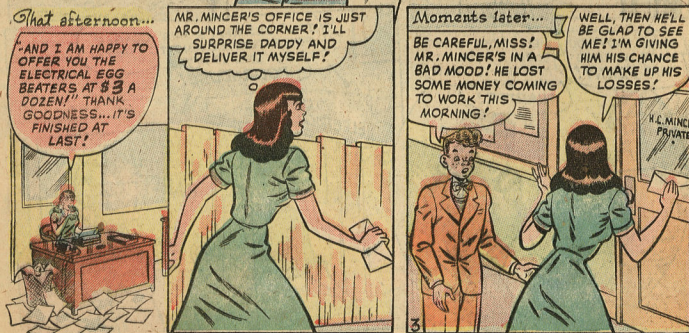
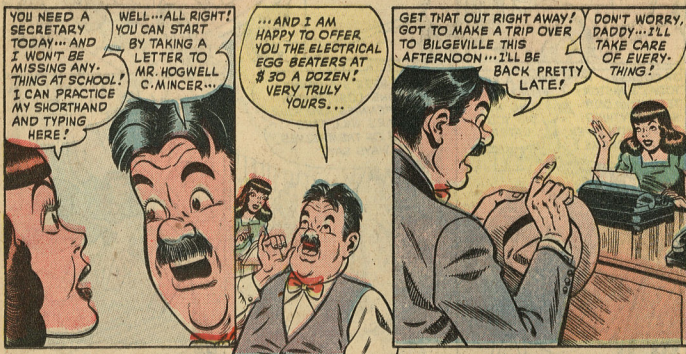
WELL, GOSH...DON'T  
BLOW A FUSE,  
MISTER...IT COULD  
HAVE BEEN A  
QUARTER!

TSK! TSK! WHAT'S THIS YOUNGER  
GENERATION COMING TO? THEY'LL  
ALL END UP IN THE  
POORHOUSE!

O'CONNOR'S  
ELECTRICAL STORE

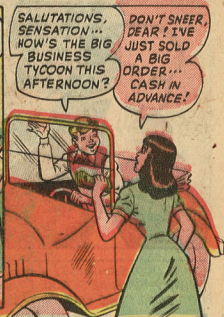






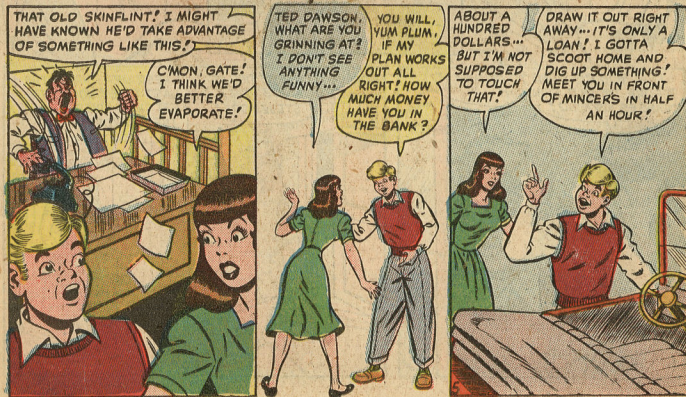


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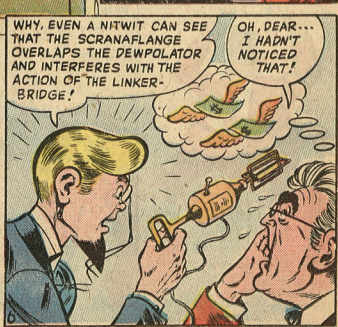
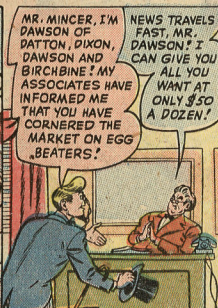
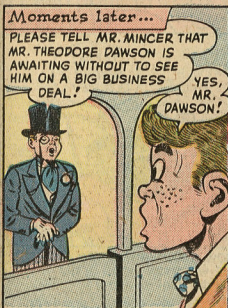
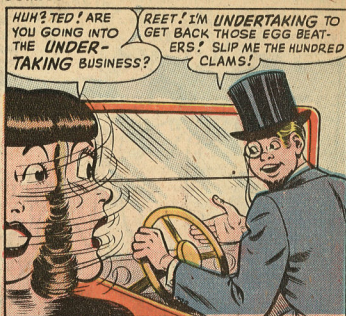
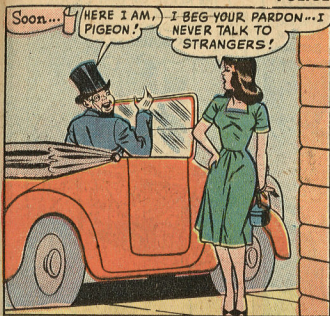




POLICE COMICS







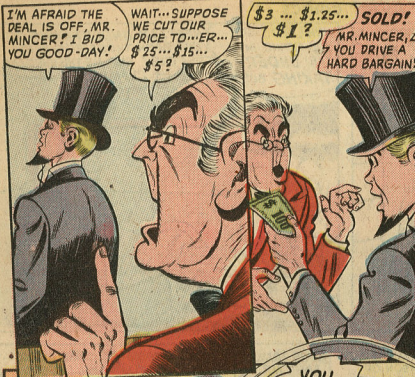


I'M AFRAID THE DEAL IS OFF, MR. MINCER! I BID YOU GOOD-BAY!

WAIT... SUPPOSE WE CUT OUR PRICE TO... ER... \$25... \$15... \$5?

\$3 ... \$1.25... **SOLD!**  
\$1?  
MR. MINCER, YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN!

THE NERVE OF THAT CROOK! O'CONNOR, STICKING ME WITH DEFECTIVE MERCHANDISE!



YOU AGAIN!

TA! TA! MINCER, OLD PIE!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! HELP! POLICE!

WELL, NOT BAD! MADE A MONKEY OUT OF OLD MINCER, AND \$200 PROFIT BESIDES! HERE'S AN EXTRA FIFTY FOR YOUR BANK ACCOUNT!

THANKS, DADDY!

HOW ABOUT GIVING TED AND ME VACATION JOBS IN THE STORE THIS SUMMER?

HORRORS, NO! MY NERVES COULD NEVER STAND THE STRAIN!





# Follow the leader

THE insistent throbbing of the drums grew steadily louder, spurring the bronzed figures into still more frenzied contortions. The flickering firelight caught the flashing bodies in weird shadow patterns, now looming high against the trees, now broadening in the yellow circle of light.

Though the evening was warm Woozy Winks shivered and drew closer to his companion. "I don't like it, Plas," he chattered. "Suppose these Indians should go berserk."

"Don't fret, my chubby little friend," Plastic Man said lightly. "Your only worry is if we are among cannibals. No self-respecting Indian would be caught with our scalp."

"Don't talk like that, Plas," the little man said, fingering his sparse head of hair nervously. "A fine vacation this is," he grumbled. "I don't like sleeping on the ground in those pointed tents. With all the creepy things like snakes and lizards around here it's a wonder I get any sleep at all."

"And another thing," he complained, "that chicken we had tonight sure had a lot of funny bones."

"You mean the rattlesnake meat?" Plas questioned. "I noticed you had five helpings of it."

"Rattlesnake meat?" Woozy groaned, clutching his ample stomach. "I won't eat another bite around this reservation. I'll starve first."

"That should take some time with the supply you've already stored away," Plas commented drily. "Quiet now, the most important part of the ceremony is starting."

The drums fell silent. A blood-curdling yell rose from the throats of the dancers before they collapsed exhausted to the sand. A wrinkled old Chief strode from the shadows, bearing an elaborate eagle-feather headdress. He stopped in front of Plastic Man, and gravely placed the war bonnet on the crime-buster.

"Ho, Great-warrior-who-stretch-a-mile," the old man intoned. "Bearclaw make you honorary chief to sit in war councils and smoke pipe of peace with your brothers of Rattlesnake Clan."

Plastic Man accepted the headdress in silence but cast a sharp glance at Woozy when the latter groaned softly, "Rattlesnakes, ugh!"

Just then a young Indian handed a less elaborate headdress to the old warrior. With a barely noticeable twinkle in his piercing black eyes he placed it on Woozy's head.

"Bearclaw name you 'Little-brave-with-stomach-like-gopher,'" he said.

Next morning Woozy rolled out of his sleeping bag and called over to his friend. "Can we start packing for home, Plas?" he asked. "You said as soon as we were initiated into the Indian tribe we could leave."

"I'm afraid not," Plastic Man said. "It seems Chief Bearclaw had ulterior motives when he invited us. He's called a special council this morning. I can't very well walk out on them now."

"Golly," the chubby man complained, "I want to get back to the city, where I'll know what I'm eating. Besides, what's the FBI going to do while we're gone? Probably the crooks are taking the city over since we're not there."

"We'll worry about that when we get there," Plas said. "Right now I want to see what's bothering Chief Bearclaw."

Plastic Man lifted the flap on the council tepee and stepped into the dim interior. The circle of seated Indians was impassive but troubled eyes gave a hint of the gravity of the situation.

Chief Bearclaw nodded solemnly to Plastic Man, who took his place to the right of the old man. Then the wrinkled chief stood up and addressed the silent group.

"Warriors of the Rattlesnake Clan, we come here to receive counsel from the great warrior for justice."

"We are a proud people but our life is threatened. If we do not have sheep to produce wool for squaws to weave and meat for our children to eat our tribe will perish in the winter snows."

Turning to Plastic Man, the old chief entreated, "We ask you, o mighty brother, to learn why our flocks vanish, and our braves do not return from the mountain pasture lands."

Later as Plastic Man walked back to his tent Woozy hailed him. "You're late, Plas," he said, "I just ate our dinner. Shall I start packing?"



"Not yet," Plas said, withdrawing a bundle of clothes from under his arm. "Put these buckskins on. For a few hours you're going to be an Indian sheep-herder."

"Aw, Plas," Wozy said in disgust, "what do I know about lamb chops on the hoof? ... say," he reconsidered, "maybe that's not such a bad idea. Lead me to those walking lamb-burgers."

"There'll be none of that," Plastic Man admonished. "We have to find out why this tribe is losing sheep. With your appetite it wouldn't take long to finish off the few that are left."

A chill wind swept over the grass-covered slopes. The sheep were huddled together in a small sheltered cut in the hillside. Wozy gathered his leather shirt about him, shivering. "Why is it I draw all these lousy jobs?" he thought bitterly. "Plas is probably sitting by a nice warm campfire while I freeze. The sheep have the only warm place on this whole mountainside."

The sheep stirred restlessly as the stillness of the night was disturbed by the labored chugging of an automobile engine. Wozy tried to pierce the gloom but he could see nothing.

"Why would anybody want to come up to this deserted spot?" Wozy thought. "That road doesn't lead anywhere. The must have gotten lost. But it doesn't help me any," he muttered, sinking down behind a rock to get out of the knifing wind.

The pale moon slid from obscuring clouds, bathing the slope in a silvery brilliance. A dark shape moved swiftly up the hill past Wozy and into the tightly packed mass of sheep. A frantic baaing broke out and the sheep started from the natural pen.

"I wonder what's gotten into them?" Wozy thought, as he watched them trot down the slope. "Plas didn't tell me what to do if the sheep started to run away. I better follow them."

When Wozy had almost reached the road, a shadow detached itself from a boulder and a throaty voice ordered, "Hold it, Buster."

"O.K., friend," the shadow continued, "march down to the truck."

Frightened, Wozy complied, not knowing whether the glinting object in his captor's hand was a gun or not. The dark shape of a van loomed before them. Wozy stared in amazement as the sheep walked up the ramp into the interior of the truck trailer.

Another man, also armed, met them on the road. "I gotta hand it to you, Mac," Wozy's

captor said to the second man. "I never thought me, Red the Rat, would be rustling sheep for a racket."

"Cut the chatter," Mac said tersely. "You better close the tailgate as soon as all the sheep are in. We don't want to hang around here any longer than we have to. I heard Plastic Man is staying at one of the Indian villages. I sure don't want to tangle with him."

"Those Indians would be surprised if they knew all their sheep were just a few miles on the other side of the ridge," Red said, as he went to the rear of the truck. "That was a smart move, Mac, buying that broken-down ranch for a blind. This is easier than vaudeville."

"Shut up," Mac snarled. "We still have to go to the trouble of knocking off this fat little redskin. He knows too much."

"No speak English," Wozy gulped.

Wozy watched as the sheep crowded into the large van. Finally there was only one animal left, a ram. Red prodded the ram with his foot but it refused to go up the ramp.

Red drew back a foot and kicked. The ram dodged nimbly to one side and an arm shot out of its body, pushing the kicker's foot up higher. Red toppled backward and fell heavily. As Mac moved over to the recalcitrant ram the animal shot out another arm, slapping the pistol from his hand. Then, as the ram stood on its hind legs, its body filled out. Finally the blunt muzzle recoiled and rearranged itself.

"It's Plastic Man," Red screamed, scrambling away on all fours. Suddenly Mac turned and tried to flee down the slope, but a long arm encircled his waist and drew him back. At the same time a heavy foot pressed on Red's back, pinning him to the ground.

Later, aboard an airliner bound for home, Wozy sank back contentedly in his cushioned seat. "We sure showed those sheep-nappers," he said to Plas, who was sitting next to him. "But how did they manage to make those sheep get into the truck so easily?"

"It's a well-known fact," Plastic Man explained patiently, "that sheep will follow a leader blindly. Mac was a former animal trainer. He trained a ram to go to the herds and lead them to the truck. With the prices of wool and lamb so high these days, they figured to clean up."

"By the way, Wozy," he questioned, "what was that package you brought along from the reservation?"

"Rattlesnake meat," Wozy said defensively. "I'm beginning to like the stuff."



# Manhunter

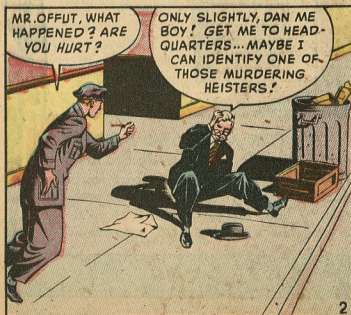
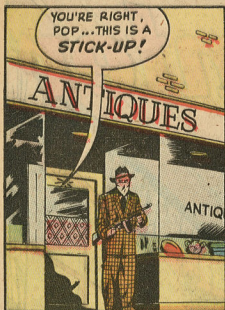


## **A**CTION FOR MAN AND BEAST!

When Officer Dan Richards becomes **MANHUNTER**, he and four-footed crime-catcher Thor pierce the web of mystery that shrouds the loss of a life and the finding of a treasure!

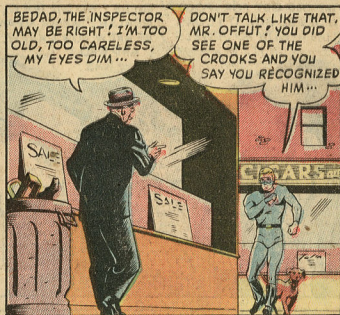


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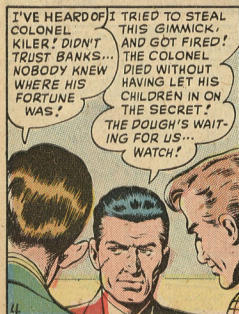
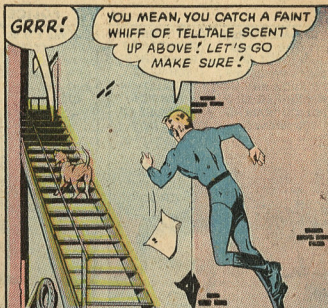
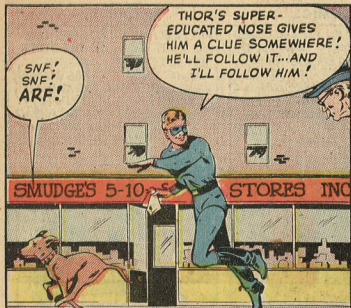


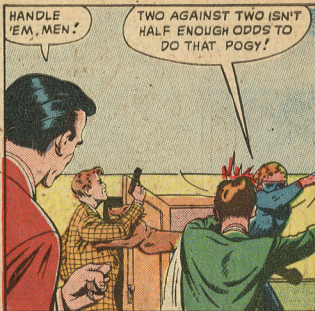


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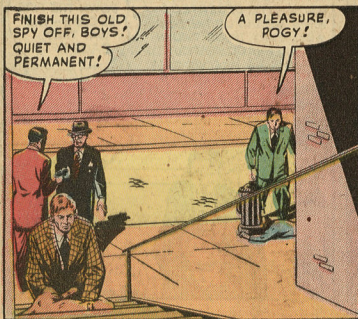
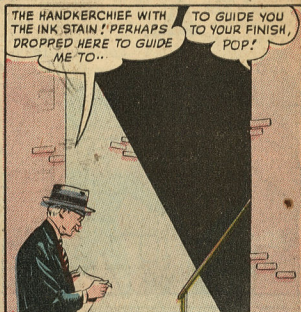
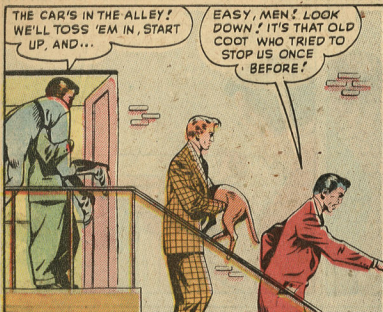




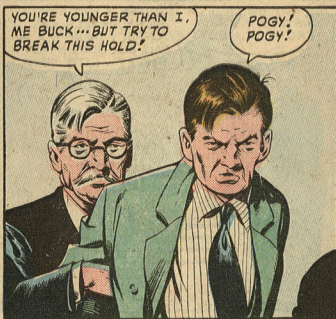
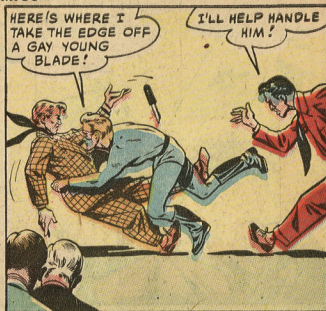




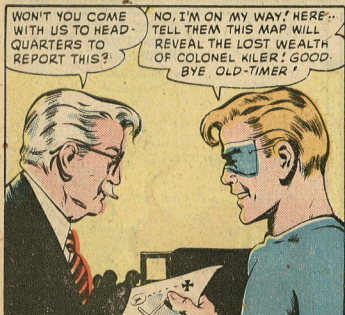
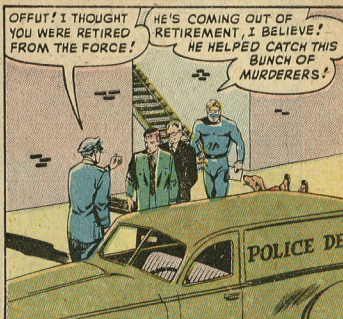
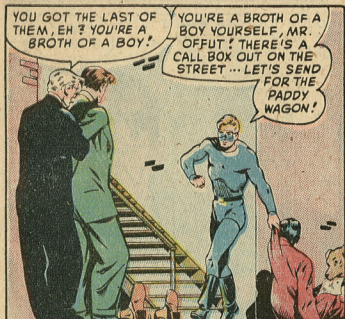
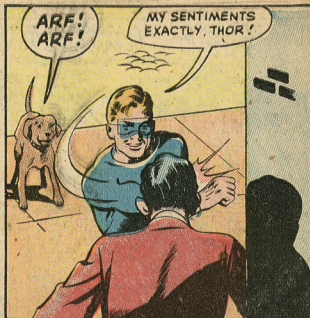
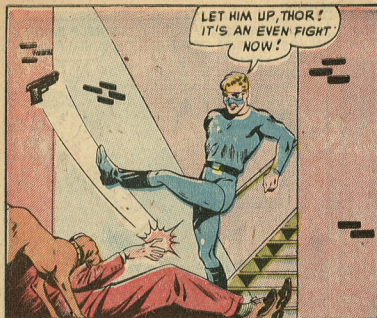
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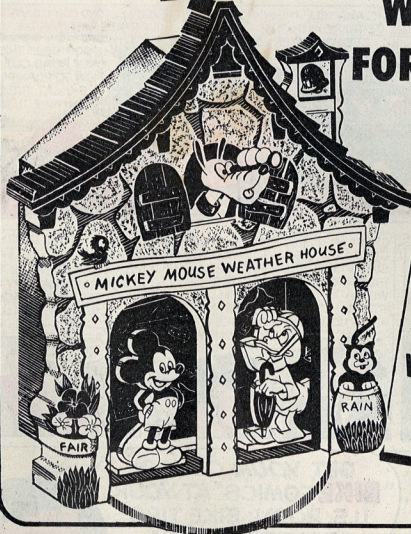


Amazing



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# "U.S." ROYAL

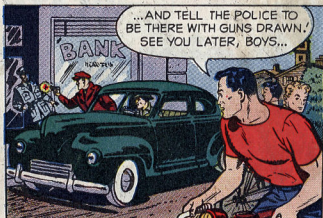
WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**BAMBOOZLING THE  
BANK ROBBERS**



**W**HEN  
DESPERATE  
GUNMEN ROB  
THE TOWN  
BANK, DEPUTY  
U.S. ROYAL  
AND THE  
BOYS OF THE  
ELM CITY BIKE  
CLUB GO  
INTO ACTION  
WITH A  
DARING PLAN!



EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE  
RIGHT INTO A DEAD  
END TRAP! BUT  
THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO  
THROW YOU OFF  
THE TRACK--INTO  
OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK,  
BOYS! WE  
SURPRISED  
THOSE CROOKS  
WITH A  
ROYAL  
RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES  
GAVE US PLENTY OF  
SPEED WITH SAFETY.  
RIGHT, FELLAS? AND,  
SAY, SPEAKING OF  
SURPRISES--I'VE GOT  
A REAL ONE WAITING  
FOR YOU...



LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE  
COMIC BOOK  
ON BIKING?!

LET'S SEE  
IT, U.S....

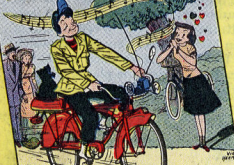
AFTER ME,  
TOM...



TAKE IT EASY,  
BOYS...THERE'S  
A COPY WAITING  
FOR EACH OF YOU--  
AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL  
BIKE DEALER'S!



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HEAD--HE NEVER DOES  
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